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Bribery and Simony;

OR, A

SATYR

Againſt the

CORRUPT USE

OF

MONEY.

By the Author of the LONDON SPY.

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A

SATYR

Againſt the

Corrupt uſe of Money.

MOney, thou univerſal *Indian* Curſe
That ſhuns the Poor, and fills the Miſer's Purſe,
That tempts the needy Rogue to meet his Fate,
And makes the wary proſp'rous Villain great;
That ſets the Dunce, the Coward, and the Knave,
Above the Wiſe, the Honeſt, and the Brave,
And makes the Learn'd Experienc'd Head bow low,
To empty upſtart Fools that nothing know.

Money long ſince the vaſt Diſtinction gave
Betwixt the Mighty, Noble, and the Slave;
'Twas thee the Lordly Difference firſt began;
And ſet the Maſter ſo above the Man:
Not Right but Riches gives to ſome the ſway,
And makes the ſtarving Multitude obey;
'Tis Wealth alone does at ſuch diſtance place
The Country Gaffer; from his Courtly Grace,
For pompous Titles (tho' conferr'd by Kings)
Uncrown'd with ſolid Wealth, are empty things;
Such Royal Marks no Pauper's wants can ſkreen,
But make the Wretch more deſpicably mean:
Badges of Honour haughty Minds may pleaſe,
But wiſer Heads ſcarce think them worth their Fees:

For

'Tis true, the City oft ſends forth a Tool,
Who barters Money to be dub'd Sir Fool;
But what vain Prodigal would humour Pride,
At ſuch Expence, except to pleaſe his Bride;
But if the Knight grows Poor, the ſtately Toy
Becomes the Scorn of ev'ry 'Prentice-Boy;
For needy Honour, like a King ſubdu'd,
Moves but Contempt and Laughter in the Croud!
'Tis Wealth alone that raiſes our Eſteem,
It gives all Pow'r, and is the only Jem
That adds an awful Luſtre to the Diadem.

Gold is the Monarch, Argent is the Queen,
That rule the World and ſway the Hearts of Men;
Princes themſelves thoſe *Indian* Gods adore,
And barter Chriſtian Lives for Heath'niſh Ore,
To ſtamp their Sacred Image on their Coin,
That Wicked Mammon, and the Prince Divine
Join'd in one Piece, may both together ſhine;
But tho' the Gold's adorn'd with Royal Face,
Caſting a watchful Eye tow'rds Heaven's Grace,
Yet in this Age each Idiot's grown ſo wiſe,
To know the Value in the Subſtance lies;
And if the Touchſtone proves the Mettle baſe,
They prize no *Cæſar*'s Image, or God's Grace.

Gold, tho' ſo pow'rful, yet thou'rt oft miſus'd,
By thoſe that love thee moſt thou'rt moſt abus'd;
The Miſer, tho' he dotes upon thy Charms,
And with thy Looks his craving Fancy warms,
Yet places o're thee his *Vulcanian* Guard,
And ſo cloſe hugs thee that he gripes too hard;

So

So the fond Husband of a Beauteous Wife,
To keep ſecure the Comfort of his Life,
Confines her cloſe, or watches her with Spies,
Leſt ſome ſhould rob him of his Charming Prize.

Money o'er all things bears a Sov'reign Sway,
And thro' the World makes needy Fools obey,
Subdues as well the Avaritious Great,
And rules the Hearts of Kings, as they the State;
Makes them oft break thoſe Solemn Words they've given,
That ſhould be binding as the Laws of Heaven;
Diſhonour that Majeſtick Pow'r they hold,
And wave their Scepters to the Idol, Gold.

Falſe flatt'ring Favourites who on Princes wait,
And by their Cringes make them ſeem more great;
For baſe Bye Ends their humble Fawnings pay,
Gold makes them bow, diſſemble, and obey,
And Gold for which they ſerve, will tempt them to betray.
So the poor worthleſs Cur, for nothing Good,
Fawns moſt, becauſe he leaſt deſerves his Food;
But when by ſome new Hand he's better fed,
He leaves his Maſter, who the Mungril bred.

Money, the Tyrant's Luſt, and Soul of Pow'r,
The Teeth by which the Rich the Poor devour,
The Judges Fav'rite, and the Client's Friend,
The Jury's Conſcience, who the Cauſe muſt end;
Bagg'd up in Bribes around the Darling flies,
She talks, perſwades, ſhe conquers, and ſhe buys;
On every Court clandeſtinly ſhe calls,
And for her ſake the Pleader ſweats and bawls;

No adverſe Pauper can withſtand her Might,
The Cauſe ſh'eſpouſes moſt is always right:
Thus Juſtice who is blind to either ſide,
Has now got Money for her Partial Guide,
Who leads the Hud-wink'd Dame from Court to Court,
And makes the Purblind Tool a Publick Sport;
Who in this Age has loſt her Chriſtian Fame,
And is ſo chang'd ſhe's nothing but a Name,
Which griſly Foxes by the Court made Great,
In awful Robes moſt gravely celebrate,
To cheat the Fooliſh World and ſerve the Wiſer State.

Money, to make thy Empire more compleat,
The Heav'nly Siſters to thy Pow'r ſubmit;
Religion dotes on thy Commanding Charms,
And Vertue ſeeks to hug thee in her Arms;
The craving Prelate, who againſt thee rails,
Calls thee baſe Droſs, and damns thee Teeth and Nails,
Making thee ſeem thro' his Scholaſtick Skill,
Hell's wicked Agent, and the Root of Ill;
Yet tho' the holy Satyr pelts thee more,
Than yawning Schiſmatick does *Babel*'s Whore;
No ſooner from his Pulpit he deſcends,
But he eſteems thee beſt of all his Friends,
And ſtumbles at no Simony to gain
The Droſs he held ſo worthleſs and ſo vain:
But does the Church as well as World deceive,
And ſells what only he has right to give;
Which ſhould the juſt Reward of Vertue be,
T'encourage Learning, Truth, and Piety;
In-able Guides well qualify'd to preach,
Who ſtrive to practice what they toil to teach:

Men

Men who the Glory of the Church would raiſe,
Attend their Flocks, be watchful of their Strays,
And by their own correct Examples ſhow,
God's Will they do, and Heaven's Laws they know.

But Money, thou in every Cauſe art all,
And Gold is now become Epiſcopal:
To Copes and Mitres thou'rt a welcome Gueſt,
And makes them oft ordain a Dunce a Prieſt:
Triumphant o'er the Hierarchy it rides,
And fills Fat Livings but with Feeble Guides,
Who ſwell in Pulpits, where they proudly preach,
And with Contempt look down on thoſe they teach.
Some grac'd with Scarves at unexperienc'd Years,
Diſdain the Desk, and are too big for Pray'rs;
Made Prodigal by Nobles, they profane
The Badge of Doctor, long before they're Men;
Submit in private to their Patron's Gripe,
And gain good Livings e'er their Brains are ripe.

Well may the unlearn'd Layman worſhip Gold,
Since Chriſtian-Flocks like Geeſe are bought and ſold;
What Conſcience will endure a Starving Faith,
When Prieſts ſeek Heaven in a Golden Path;
But where his Int'reſt lies that Church maintain,
And ſave himſelf as cheap as e'er he can.
Well may the fooliſh Sheep miſtake their way,
Since Mammon does the Belweathers betray,
And leads our Avaritious Guides aſtray.

In this good Age, when Chriſtian Zealots join
In Clubs, to talk Religion o'er their Wine,

And

And pious Porters, when they meet ne'er fail,
To make it Nutmeg to their Toaſt and Ale;
Yet ſhould a Calf like *Aaron*'s be advanc'd,
Idolatry would ſoon be countenanc'd:
Let but the State to try Man's Faith declare,
Who worſhipp'd ſhould have little to a ſhare;
What ſtiffneck'd Chriſtian, nay, what ſtubborn Prieſt
Would not bow down before the Wealthy Beaſt,
Rather than loſe his part of ſuch a Golden Feaſt?
For Gold we now like Heathens hold Divine,
Tho' not in Calves, we worſhip it in Coin;
Then ſince the tempting Mettal, Man enſnares,
And not the Artificial Form it bears;
What's matter into what ſtrange Shape 'tis made,
Whether a Calf, or ſtamp'd with *Cæſar*'s Head;
For by the Chriſtian Law the Sin's as great,
To worſhip *Cæſar*'s Image ſtamp'd on Plate,
As 'tis the Picture of the *Roman* Gooſe,
For Man's no more a De'ty than a Mouſe.

But wo is that Lay-Patron or Divine,
VVho baſely ſells the Cure of Souls for Coin;
For Guides that purchaſe we may juſtly fear,
VVill cheat the Liſt'ning Flocks beneath their Care,
And ſell their Heav'nly Suſtenance too dear;
The Prieſt that buys will all Advantage take,
And the beſt Market of his Function make:
The Patron's Bonds too much in Mind he bears,
And lays, like *Rome*, baſe Taxes on his Pray'rs:
The needy Sick may unprepar'd expire,
VVho cannot pay Heav'n's Labourer his Hire;

But when the wealthy Miſer gaſps for Breath,
The Pariſh Crow attends the Carrion's Death,
Applies his Balm the wounded Soul to heal,
Prays till he ſweats with all external Zeal,
In hopes to be remembred in his VVill.

Gold, 'tis for thee our Counſels are betray'd,
Stateſmen by thy kind Influence are ſway'd;
Hearts that ſhould ſecret as the Grave remain,
Break thro' their Oaths, and divulge all for Gain:
Few Tongues ſo faithful that can Silence hold,
VVhen tempted ſafely to betray with Gold;
Grave Senators, tho' ne'er ſo Rich and Great
VVill ſtill be nibling at the ſhining Bait;
Its pleaſing Luſtre dazles Humane Eyes,
And takes ſometimes the Honeſt by ſurpriſe;
Who by the glorious Sight are ſo o'ercome,
They think of nothing but the pow'rful Summ;
Forget how vilely they abuſe their Truſt,
And make the Ills they are to do ſeem Juſt.

For Gold, contending Factions toil and ſweat,
And *Pro* and *Con* ſo painfully debate;
For thee the Crafty quarrel with the Throne,
And to the Publick Good prefer their own;
Each ſteers and labours for the Golden Coaſt,
The main Diſpute, is who ſhall gain the moſt:
'Tis Int'reſt makes each Party diſagree,
They claſh, they jangle, and contend for thee;
All ſides would raiſe their Fortunes in the State,
The Weak behold the riſing Pow'r with hate,
And every Gooſe grows mad to ſee the Fox ſo great.

Thoſe in low Spheres impatient to aſpire,
Watch all their Motions who are poſted higher,
Seek to detect the Faults of thoſe above,
And labour to procure a new remove;
Not that the publick Welfare is their aim,
But that themſelves may play the winning Game;
So Bowling Rooks can with no Patience reſt,
To ſee their Adverſary's Caſt lie beſt,
But knock him from his place by throwing home,
And win the End by lodging in his room.

The leſſer Fry who can no Merit plead,
But follow thoſe 'tis their deſire ſhould lead;
They too inſpir'd with Envy by the reſt,
Calumniate thoſe in higher Stations bleſt,
And when 'twill ſerve that Int'reſt they adore
They ſhew their Teeth, tho' deſtitute of Pow'r,
And ſit like Mungrils barking at the Moon,
In hopes to fetch the Lofty Being down;
Theſe but like Finders to the Greyhounds fare,
They beat the Buſh, but others catch the Hare;
Yet hopes of Pow'r deludes them to be Tools,
And makes Induſtrious Knaves of Buſie Fools,
Who covet Places only for the Wealth
They think to gain by Bribery and Stealth;
And from their own baſe Principles accuſe
Juſt Men of Ills themſelves deſire to uſe;
So ſharping Gameſters, who can Cog the Dice,
Expert in each foul Politick Device,
Suſpect what others fairly win at play,
And think they uſe the ſame clandeſtine way.

The

The fighting Hero that delights in Wars,
Whoſe Sword's his Voucher, and his Pride his Scars,
Who dreads Diſhonour more than ſudden Fate,
And is by Blood and Wounds made deſperate;
Who boaſts of Towns and Battles he has won,
And rattles of the mighty Deeds h'as done,
To ſerve his King and Country, and ſecure
Our dear Religion from the *Romiſh* Pow'r;
If Truth be canvas'd, Int'reſt leads the Van,
And makes the Soldier ſuch a valiant Man;
Where he's beſt us'd he thinks the Cauſe moſt right,
'Tis Pay and hopes of Plunder makes him fight;
And when the firſt of theſe Temptations fails,
Tho' in God's Cauſe, whole Legions turn their Tails,
Forget their Honour which was once their Pride,
And fly for Succour to the adverſe ſide:
So the proud Statesman, if he once has ſhown
Some ſignal Service to a thankleſs Throne,
Finding his Prince forgetful to requite,
In haſt turns Rebel to revenge the Slight.

War is the Sport of Kings and mighty Lords,
The Key that opens all the Nation's Hoards,
And thoſe in Arms that in the Project joyn,
Fight not for Country, but their Country's Coin;
'Tis hopes of Wealth that warms the Hero's Veins,
In long cold Marches, and in wet Campaigns;
'Tis the rich Plunder that's within the Town,
That makes th'Aſſailants go ſo bravely on,
And not Religion, that's but a Pretence,
To make God's Lambs part freely with their Pence;

For thoſe that wade thro' Bloody Fields maintain,
They fight for Pay, and what they more can gain,
Or elſe the Prieſts might draw Religion's Sword,
And fight themſelves the Battle of the Lord,
Or laſie Burghers leave their handſome Wives,
And to ſecure their Wealth expoſe their Lives:
Few are of eaſe ſo Prodigal and Vain,
To bear another's Burthen, but for Gain,
And were it not for Pay, few Soldiers would be ſlain.

Money, it is by thy prevailing Aid
Callow-chin'd Boys are Noble Captains made;
Much fitter to attend a Lady's Train
Than ſtrut before a Warlike Troop of Men,
Whoſe braver Hearts deſpiſe the Tender Chit,
To whom they're hardly deſtin'd to ſubmit;
Whilſt Men well skill'd in Arms, who long have ſerv'd,
Want thoſe Advancements they have well deſerv'd,
And unregarded at a diſtance ſtand,
Cringing to thoſe they rather ſhould command.
Thus Gold in Armies often rules the Roaſt,
And lifts the Coward to the Brave Man's Poſt.

Marriage that ſhould a Sanction give to Love,
That State which many try, but few approve,
By Money now's ſo mercenary made,
Like Prieſts, both Sexes uſe it as a Trade:
With th' Old, the Ugly, Peeviſh or Deform'd,
If beautify'd with Wealth, our Hearts are charm'd;
For Fortunes much ſuperiour to our own,
Are now the only Gifts we dote upon;

We ask not how Diſcreet, how Young, how Fair,
How Chaſt or Vertuous, but how Rich they are?
Beauty's kind Charms, as worthleſs Toys we ſlight,
Becauſe Experience proves Love's ſoft Delight,
Bleſſes but ſome dark Moments of the Night.
Riches, that welcome Jewel with a Bride,
Beauty outſhines, and ev'ry Grace beſide;
For moſt Men think, the Fortune, not the Wife,
Is all th' Advantage Wedlock adds to Life,
In this looſe Age few love ſo well to wed
Alone forth' Bleſſings of the Marriage Bed:
Great Men themſelves their Honour bow to Gold,
And joyn their Noble Blood t'Ignoble Mould;
The Graſier's Heireſs, with her Father's Hoard,
Is now a welcome Lady to my Lord;
The Daughter of a Cit grown Rich by Trade,
May match at Court, and be a Dutcheſs made:
Honour's a Trifle, Vertue but a Dream,
Riches alone procures the World's Eſteem:
Beauty's more fit to bleſs a Monarch's Bed,
Daily for Wealth with fumbling Dotage wed;
The Gallant Youth, the Humpback'd Lady takes,
And for her Gold a flatt'ring Husband makes,
Fawns on his Female Chaos like a Slave,
And hugs the Lump he wiſhes in the Grave;
VVhat ſhe deſires he liberally grants,
Relieves her Luſt, and ſhe ſupplys his VVants.
The Charming Maid as Fortuneleſs as he,
As gladly joyns with Rich Deformity,
Proſtrates her Charms to ſome Babboon ſhe hates,
And hugs the Clog her Soul abominates;

Bears all his Jealous Taunts he cannot hide,
To be a rich decreped Miſer's Bride:
Thus Beauties oft comply for filthy Gain,
To marry Elves, and croſs the Lovely Strain;
Producing what the World abhor to ſee,
A crooked, half-got, peeviſh Progeny.

Vertue, of which ſome ſqueamiſh Beauties boaſt,
Proud of that *neſcio quid* by others loſt;
The force of all Love's Batteries may endure,
And ſtand behind *Belona*'s Shield ſecure,
Till Gold, the mighty Conquerour that ſubdues
Ladies in Cloiſters well as thoſe in Stews,
Attacks the Virgin in a pow'rful Summ,
And then ſhe ſoon ſubmits to be o'recome:
Love's the dear Man who with full Bags aſſails,
And by ſuch kind and pleaſing Means prevails;
Thus the proud fair one, who has oft been try'd,
And courted by her Equals for a Bride,
Is often found too Cunning, or too Coy,
The Bliſs of Love to lawfully enjoy,
Becauſe her Hopes, which Youth and Beauty ſtarves,
Aſpire to what her Fortune not deſerves;
Yet for the ſake of Gold and Liberty,
She ſhall at laſt be tempted to be free,
With Gouty, old infirm Nobility:
Thus Womans Vertue is no more than Pride,
Which only can by Gold be gratify'd.

Money's the baſe betrayer of Mankind,
It numbs our Senſes, makes our Reaſon blind,

Tempts us to hide thoſe Ills we ſhould declare,
And oft to ſpeak what's Prudence to forbear;
Nay, makes us warmly labour to deceive
Others with what we don't our ſelves believe,
And in more weak Societies maintain
Falſe Contradictions 'gainſt the Truth that's plain,
Where we Dependance or an Int'reſt have,
With honeſt Characters we hide the Knave;
And without cauſe, to ſerve our Purpoſe ſtain,
The Reputations of deſerving Men:
This Man we flatter, t'other we abuſe,
The Guiltleſs blame, the Guilty oft excuſe:
Thus from all Truth and Honeſty diſſent,
To make our own Advantage crown th' Event,
Hide our own Knowledge to miſlead the Blind;
When Mercenary Gain corrupts the Mind.

In Friendſhip we unite for Int'reſt ſake,
And when that fails, the feeble Chain we break;
Advantage ties the profitable Knot,
For nothing binds where nothing's to be got:
Our Friend we ſooth, we flatter and careſs,
And in kind words our utmoſt Love expreſs,
Whilſt he appears as we our ſelves deſire,
Bleſt with full Pockets, cloath'd in ſpruce Attire;
But if once Poor by fatal Chance he's grown,
Thredbare his Garment and his Money flown,
We dread the Mortal knocking at our Door,
And ſhun the Wretch we ſo eſteem'd before.
So the kept Miſtreſs, when her Spark grows Poor,
The Contract breaks, and vows ſhe'll ſin no more;

Thus

Thus from the ruin'd Fool withdraws her Charms,
To win new Cullies to her Luſtful Arms.

Money, what Evils can on Earth be done?
But by thy Aid are finiſh'd or begun;
No Villany ſuperſlatively great,
Can be without thy Curſed Aid compleat:
Tranſcending Ills much Management require,
No Traytor can with wiſh'd Succeſs conſpire
Without ſuch needy Slaves that play the Rogue for Hire.
Money, that Rebel, perfects the Deſign,
For Kings are ne'er undone but by their Coin.

'Twas Money tempted *Judas* to betray;
'Tis the falſe Guide, that leads us all aſtray,
It makes the Prieſt grow negligent and proud,
Who damns for Evil what he holds for Good;
It bears in ev'ry Princes Court ſuch ſway,
The Poor can't worſhip Mammon more than they;
Minions for Gold will falſifie their Truſt,
And L---ds turn Panders to their Sov'reign's Luſt;
Vertue ſurrender at the firſt attack,
Prevailing Gold ſoon flings her on her Back,
Tempts Youth and Beauty to exert her Charms,
And hug the Luſtful Donor in her Arms;
No Age or Sex its Conqu'ring Pow'r withſtands,
It guides the Lawyer's Tongue and Soldier's Hands,
And thoſe that govern Kingdoms Sov'reign Gold commands.

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